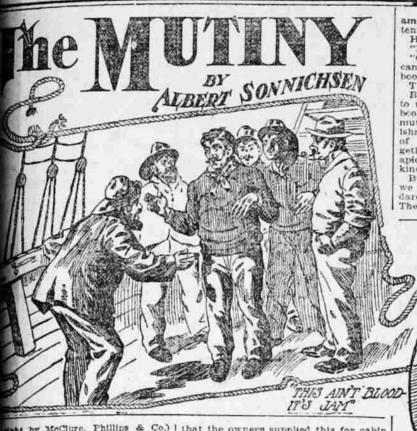
The Salt Lake Tribune

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SUNDAY MORNING JULY 31, 1904.



at by McClure, Phillips & Co.) | that the owners supplied this for cabin use, they supplied little enough other-wise, or it may be that the captain and than a week after sighting erdam island the weather mates had clubbed together and bought milder, the men threw off their it privately. Our minds, however, were in no condition to consider these proby clothing, chaved, cut their d washed themselves. Physically, Our stomachs were chronic state of emptiness-we knew of was great. But, delicious as h of the sun was, it could not dis-One day Tim saw some of these jam mawing discentent in our hearts, jars through a porthole in the cabin messroom within easy reach. So he did what he considered his bounden duty depression of spirit. For two

past our nerves had been under

it strain, and the passage, al-

an unusually long one, was little

alf done. When you have not

lously the feeling comes over

at there is no land, there never

y land, and there never will be d, that the world is one globe of

and that for over and forever ill sail on and on around in a cir-with this feeling comes an utter

you hate them, because you see h of them, you go to sleep with does in your ears, wake up and

hem again-those same, same that you heard a week ago, a

ago, many months ago. then the slackness about the th, and belly hunger, the disgust

otten meat and hard biscuiton reading matter gave out.

had no library, and the few

and magazines aboard were read by all hands. This gave us time

and brood. Quarrels in the

de were becoming daily occur-One was started by an argu-to whether Queen Victoria had on her chin, another by the pres-a fly in the soup. Had these

ings terminated in actual righting it have been better, but they created bitter feeling. pool Bob was especially aggres-d became after a time almost un-

He had an opinion on every-

knew anything about and on a ngs of which he knew nothing. Was his specialty. Bob and I

hother. Neither of us was very

neither of us thought our re-

national greatness, but our pa-eal suddenly warmed up and we it out on extremely jingoistic

One faction damned England; ir damned the United States

arder that sometimes brought

verge of open hostilities. The lonary war was especially rich ial, nor did we bind ourseives to

accuracy. We got to manu-shistory; we, the American fac-ated huge British armies, gave

er that would have made Mr. It's eyes blink. The British facowed no less inventive genius, imported tremendous armies of men into America under La-and a score of other French Gen-

have never heard of before or Then, not satisfied with past his-

went into future history and

Bob, with a British fleet, ed every American city worthy

Jack raised an insurrec

ous—we were all in dead earn-spoke sarcastically, ironically cally, but not humorously. We

bad over those wars as if cally had conducted them and consible for all the actions of

ers, too, showed like symp-

cerest friends on the

ind for four months, only waterwater-waves and horizon, quite

us all up on the poop. Having done our work, we all started for'd again. Suddenly we heard the sound of a falling body and the mate's voice rang out. "Bear a hand here," he shouted, "here's a man killed himself. He's bleed-

reached in, took one and slipped it into the breast of his woolen shirt. Just then the watch was called aft to take a pull on the spanker sheet. This brought

ng like a stuck pig."

It was Tim. He lay there, apparently senseless, at the foot of the ladder from the deckload to the poop, where he had fallen. The mate and boo'n picked him smess and a savage discontent your surroundings, principally hipmates. A flerce hate comes inup. But The sate and book picked him up. But These very sudden recovery caused the mate some surprise—he reached out his hand and poked his finger into the mass of blood covering Tim's hip. Then he swore—a big, loud

"Why, damn my soul!" he yelled, angrily, 'this ain't blood—it's jam."
Tim tried to escope for'd, but the mate and boe'n held him firmly. The carpenter and steward flew to their assistance. The Irishman struck out savagely, but they returned his blows four to one.

"Here," shouled the mate, 'trice him up in the main chains. Hang him up by his arms. Give him a dose of Yankes discipline

And they proceeded to do so.
It does not require a student of poychology to explain what happened. The result was incritable. With a run and then a cat-like spring.

Liverpool Bob bounded on the mate and both rolled over on deck. In a second the entire watch followed up the attack and in a body threw themselves or the officers. The noise brought out the captain, second mate, cook and sail-maker. They at once seized belaying-pins and with a vim threw themselves into the fight. But they were not now dealing with rum-dazed men

did the work.

Niels, after being relieved at the wheel, came for'd and joined us in spite of their efforts to retain him. He

would stick by the crowd, for good or

back he said, and regretted that he hadn't had a whack or two at the big boe'n. I think Niels felt very much as if it had been duff and somebody else had taken his share.

By night we had skipped two meals

and hunger began to take a hand in the trouble. Some of the other watch slipped in pantiles to us, but even they

were about as appetizing as bricks. Worst of all, the water gave out and we grew thirsty. In silence we sat about on our chests, staring sullenly at each other and the floor. Far off in the distance, but drawing nearer,

loomed a large, gloomy brick building with many grated windows—an Indian penitentiary. We had been guilty of mutiny on the high seas, there was no getting around that. We were in for

five years at least-five years in the Queen's service "Well," broke out Cockney, "I am

Well, broke out Cockney, 1 am bloomin' well liggered if I see 'ow we're goln' to get out o' this. We're gettin' the worst o't all around. If we given up we gets put in Irons an' sent to quod afterward. If we holds out we goes bloomin' well 'ungry an' gets sent to quod any'on."

to quod any'ow."
"Let's take the ship and run her ashore," growled Bob. This suggestion met a dead filence. The men looked

met a dead Mience. The men looked furtively into each other's eyes. "Aye, aye," growled Mike between his teeth; "I am wid ye." "Not me." exclaimed Niels. "I likes a rough house vunce in a vile, but I

am not yet pirate."

Whether Bob and Mike were in earnest is hard to say, but, wild lot as were our men, they were not yet prepared to consider such a thought seriously. The two saw it, and said no more.

Let that night we cant dies to say

The two saw it, and said no more.

Late that night we cast dice to see who should crawl aft and steal some water from the tanks. The lot fell to Mike. With two large tin cups in one hand, he slipped out of the door into the deep shadow of the bulwarks, and thus slowly made his way aft. In ten minutes he returned with the two panniking full of water. But the contents, only a mouthful aplece, served but to increase our thirst, and Mike volunteered another trip.

Ten minutes passed by the forecastle clock, then twenty, then an hour, but

clock, then twenty, then an hour, but no Mike. Another hour, and our thirst became unsupportable, for the night was

became unsupportante, for the hight was hot and stuffy and our bruised and beaten bodies craved moisture. Again the dice rattled on the table, and the task of water-stealing fell to me.

I crept along the bulwark as Mike had done. Apparently unseen. I reached the water-casks by the mizzenment. They stood well in shadow and

mast. They stood well in shadow, and there seemed but little danger of detection. The mate's measured tread resounded up and down the poop. Carefully I removed the lid to the first tank, filled my tin cups and prepared to steal back. Suddenly I heard a voice be-

"Come out o' that, sonny. I got you

flerce emotional excitement shot through our veing-we were all letting out in one intense minute the fire that had smoldered for months-one grand flareup. We were equal in numbers, nine on

t out on extremely jingoistic This spread among the others; timen took my side, and we held debates worthy of an Irish Pareach side; but the bos'n was good for any two of us in physical strength, for Niels was at the wheel. Just what happened I could never remember. It was a wild mix-up-everybody struck some-body-the sallmaker tackled me-we rolled on deck—his head struck a ring-bolt—I jumped up—something hard struck my head—I saw many blue lights -then somebody grappled with me-never knew who. I have a hazy memory of the big bos'n knocking men down (I was one of them), but finally he went down himself before the comof ferce battles in which the hanever exceeded half the num-critish, and always beat them, in bined onslaught of Gentile and Bob. Then Bob and the captain went at it in regular puglistic style, pounding each other furiously, and the blood streamed down the captain's beard. Jack seemed to hit everybody at once and everybody agented to hit bim Captain's productions. and everybody seemed to hit him. Caps flew everywhere, blows resounded amid yells and oaths.

yells and oaths.

Suddenly the skipper broke loose from
the melee and ran aft into the cabin.
In spite of the bosn's ponderous
atrength the officers were getting the
worst of it. Being Germans, they did
not understand the art of delivering efver a war which hadn't been et. Mike, at the head of an army, was looting London fective blows.

treland and chopped off the fall the English statesmen who home rule. Cockney gathered a magnificent fleet of privand simply wore himself out haulan flags from Yankee ships, subBritish Jacks in their place. The debate wore on, day after was highly humorous, of course, to us—we were all in dead earn—we were all in dead earn—we In a moment the skipper reappeared with a revolver in his hand. He raised it and fired. The officers broke away from us and gathered around him. We dured not follow, for he had us covered, and also our first outburst of fury was

almost spent.
One by one the officers armed themselves with the old Snider muskets in the messroom rack and stood on the de-fensive. Then they advanced, the skip-

per leading.
"To the forecastle, boys," shouted
Jack, "they can't get at us there."
Bleeding and tattered, a battered mob. we fell back until we reached the door to the port forecastle. Then, one by

They soured on each other and had us pull ropes that needed no one, we slipped in. "Now," growled Jack, "they dasn't follow us in here—this is our castle ac-cording to British law. We won't work and trim sails that needed no ig. If there is one thing that deeper into a sailor's soul than made to do unrecessary work I

ship." de to do unnecessary work I The captain appeared outside the door. thow what it is responded with growls, low at use louder afterward. Then we did the "sire" which custom research to tack at the end of all segments to efficial commands. It me "aye, aye," to "aye, aye," ater to simply a dogged "aye." ater to simply a dogged that worse was the knowledge that worse was the knowledge that worse was the simply approached the tropics. Imporphere aboard was dark and is truble. It needed but a spark fillcal moment, and hell would be. And one day that spark fell, a in metaphor, but in reality only at life with the simple state of the simple si

"Come out here," he shouted.
"Come out!" responded Mike, brandishing a marlin-spike in his hand, "if ye put yer mug in here we'll belt it off

The captain swore a dark blue streak in picturesque Dutch, but retired aft.

By this time the noise of the tight had aroused the men of the other watch and they came out on deck. Although in sympathy with us, it was now too late to expect them to side with us openly. The climax had passed, the powder burnt, so to say, and, although they had not taken part, they felt the same efnot taken part, they felt the same ef-fect. We realized now how serious might be the consequences of our out-break, so did they. Therefore, the trou-

ble, vulgar little 10 cent bottle of cers and the port watch.

Later the captain returned with a large leather-bound volume

"Hey, you men, listen!" he cried.

"You've mutinled aboard this ship.—I

"Come out o' that sonly, I got you where I vants you."

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"Hey, you men, listen!" he cried.

"You've mutinled aboard this ship.—I

am going to send you all to the peni-

tentiary."
He received no answer.
"Do you refuse duty?" he shouted.
"Git out, ye blasted sea lawyer; you can't scare us with no blooming law-

This from Bob, ex-lawyer, But, whether or no, the captain read o up-read some paragraphs from his book-some long-worded statutes on mutiny, refusing duty, piracy, the pun-ishment of said crimes, length of time of said punishment, etc., etc., alto-gether aggregating some 200 years apiece for each of us at the hardest kind of labor.

But, although he piled on the years, we still refused to come out, and they dared not storm us in the forecastle. There we remained the entire day, while

forepeak at the time with one of the boys, sorting out junk; but just now he was very much in evidence. He gave a whistle and the bos'n appeared. To-gether they seized me, bound my hands with a stout rope yarn and dragged me aft. Resistance would have been useart. Resistance would have been use-less, and besides I saw no particular ob-

less, and besides I saw no particular object in registing.

By a dim light in the cabin the two men removed the rope yarn and replaced it with a pair of irons. The mate joined them and, while he lifted a small match in the floor, the other two togsed me bodily down the hole.

I fell on some colls of rope and ship's stores, such things as are usually found in the lazarette. The hatch above was dropped again and the footsteps went out on deck. All was quiet save for the swishing of water on the ship's

been some reason for your conduct. I know that you men have suffered, but through no fault of mine. We aft here have suffered as much, the strain of constant watching is more on the officers than on the men-we can't spin yarns on our night watches. And the few dozen bottles of jam and pickles allowed us extra has not made our life much more bearable.

"Now, I am not going to look at this trouble from a legal standpoint—as jury ashore might. You men have suffered and are not altogether to blame You shall have a chance to square yourselves—go for'd and tell your mates that if they come out like men and resume their duties, all shall be passed over lightly. Their only pun-

ishment shall be to pace the decks on ishment shall be to pace the decks on watch every night for one week. Everything has, of course, been entered in the log-book, but if all goes well until we reach Calcutta, that will not be too closely examined. Those are my terms—generous enough, I think. If you don't accept them, then I shall use such measures as the law allows, both here and in port." here and in port."

here and in port."

The flerceness in Mike's face was gone. The second mate removed the irons from his wrists and the Irishman went for'd. I also was released, but remained in the cabin.

In ten minutes Mike returned, followed by all the mutineers in a string. They crowded into the cabin and stood in a semi-circle about the skinner's

in a semi-circle about the skipper's go down in storms

table, all of them looking rather sheepish.

The captain made a very fine speech, The captain made a very fine speech, generous in tone, containing practically all that he had already said to Mike and me. Each man separately agreed to keep the peace henceforth and then we all went for d to have our breakfast and later to resume our duties.

It was the passing of the climax, and it was safely passed. What the result might have been with the same men and another skipper is not pleasant to consider. Certainly American methods would never have worked, for there were men in our forecastle who had tasted blood before. Many ships are lost—never heard of again, but not all





COME

00T 0'

THAT, SONN

VOT HAVE YOU

FELLERS GOT TO SAY

"Is that you, Mike?" I cried.
"It's me bad luck," came Mike's voice.
"How'd they get you?"

"Welted me over th' hld," he re

"Weited me over in hid," he responded with a groam.

Even then I can remember feeling slighted. Why had I not also been worthy of a welt? And then the third mate had called me sonny. I was al-

ways having my youth thrown up to

Mike and I had little to say to each other, and later we slept. It seemed that we were spending weeks in that smothering hole. At last the sound of

froothering hole. At last the sound of footsteps above told us that day had come. They were up and moving, the captain and the steward. Finally the hatch was lifted and faint daylight came down from the cabin skylight

spectacles giving him a magisterial

sullenly into space.
"No use being sulky," he continued.

"I am not going to be hardt on you. Vat did you expect to gain by your corduct yesterday?"

Had we been willing we could not

have answered that. So again we made no answer. I saw the hard lines about

Mike's mouth soften a trifle, for the skipper's voice had lost its tone of

harsh command of the day before—he spoke almost gently. There was a kindly arrangement of wrinkles about

"Do you know," he went on, and his

German accent seemed not so grating, "that you have been guilty of mutiny-

open mutiny on the high seas, and that

the punishment thereof may cost you ten years in prison?"

"An" what's the punishment fer starvin' min," cried the Irishman bit-terly, "an' givin 'em rotton horse-flesh

fer grub payin' 'em wages less 'n what

fer grub payin' 'em wages less 'n what a navy ashore gets, an' lead'n 'em a life worse 'n any jall?—till me that. Thell, sin' me t' jall fer life, it'll be easier than anythin' I've lyer stood aboard a ship."

I expected the captain to be angry, but he rationed his calm.

"Those are things not to be discussed here," he said; "ashore is the place; where the laws are made. I've been

before the mast, and know what a sall-or's life is as well as you do. If you fellows stood up for your rights ashore

instead of boozing away your time and money, you might get them. Now you let women fight your battles, women's

seamen's societies and missionary so-

but he retained his calm.

his eyes that I had never noticed be

'Vell." he inquired, "vat have you fellers got to say""

Neither of us answered—we gazed

"Come up," said a gruff voice.

starboard watch split in two and sides. After a moment I fancied I heard

breathing.

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We both crept up the ladder into the cabin, not an easy task, for the blows of yesterday had stiffened our bodies and our hands were manacled. The second and third mate and the steward should be a with helaving-ning to second and third mate and the steward stood about us with belaying-pins in their hands. They took us into the after cabin—the captain's sanctum. He sat there, behind a table with the ship's log-book before him, his gold-rimmed Wholesale. Retail.

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